

## A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS

A MONUMENT for the Soldiers!  
And what will ye build it of?  
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or  
bronze,  
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?  
Can ye glorify it with legends  
As grand as their blood hath writ  
From the inmost shrine of this land of  
thine  
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build  
it  
Out of our hopes made sure,  
And out of our purest prayers and  
tears,  
And out of our faith secure:  
We would build it out of the great  
white truths  
Their death hath sanctified,  
And the sculptured forms of the men  
in arms,  
And their faces ere they died.

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And what heroic figures  
Can the sculptor carve in stone?  
Can the marble breast be made to  
bleed,  
And the marble lips to moan?  
Can the marble brow be fevered?  
And the marble eyes be graved  
To look their last, as the flag floats  
past,  
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures  
Shall all be fair and brave,  
And, as befitting, as pure and white  
As the stars above their grave!  
The marble lips, and breast and brow  
Whereon the laurel lies,  
Bequeath us right to guard the flight  
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!  
Built of a people's love,  
And blazoned and decked and pano-  
plied  
With the hearts ye build it of!  
And see that ye build it stately,  
In pillar and niche and gate,  
And high in pose as the souls of those  
It would commemorate!